

POETRY.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY J. O. NICKERSON.

Let others seek of glittering wealth,
Long life, vain ease, contentment, health,
For these—aye more we banish care,
If woman's love on earth we share.

It raises us from grovelling earth,
To being of a nobler birth;
Implants within a pure desire,
For something better, something higher.

From direct passion we are free,
When blessed by woman's company;
For none can think of vice or guile,
With woman's love, 'neath woman's smile.

When adverse days are seen before,
And brightest skies with darkness lower;
She ready stands, consoles, beguiles,
And cheers us on with angel smiles.

When trench'rous friend from us depart,
And banished hopes make sick the heart;
She points us to fair realms above,
The prototype of woman's love.

None can deny the heavenly power,
That saves from many a sinful hour;
For naught can banish vice's wiles,
Like woman's love, and woman's smiles.

A being far too pure for earth,
Sweet creature of celestial birth;
The scepter love like Aaron's rod,
She wields and points man on to God.

If we would raise a voice to Heaven,
It should be one that it has given
The boon—when sin our hearts defile,
Are cleared again by woman's smile.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN EDITOR DINING OUT.

Quite a distinguished citizen of our city, and one of the members of the corps editorial, made a short excursion into the country, where they revelled some hours among the breezes and treezies, and finally returned at four o'clock, with appetites it may easily be imagined, nicely sharpened for the enjoyment of a good dinner. After imbibing a glass of wine bitters, at St. Charles, our friend of the scissors and quill was invited to join him in a quiet dinner at his own domicile.

"I have nothing nice," said he, "for I didn't think we should reach home in time to dine, but I reckon I can make up something that will answer the demands of hunger for the nonce."

"Oh, I'm not particular," replied the editor, "anything will answer my purpose. I'm one of those, you know, whose wants are very easily supplied."

Shortening the way, by easy and familiar chat, they reached the gentleman's dwelling, and at the summons of a bell, a favorite female servant came to the door, with her shining ebony face beaming gaily in smiles. Whispering a few words in her master's ears, almost as soon as he had crossed the threshold, he exclaimed—

"You don't say so! What are they?"

Now, the editor, though by no means hard of hearing, did not quite distinctly understand the reply, for the reason that he did not wish to listen to what appeared to be a private colloquy. He thought, however, that the remainder of the conversation was about as follows:

"A fine pair of ducks," said the servant.

"You don't say so," said the host.

"Well, now, I am satisfied. Who would have thought that. Go into the parlor," said he to his guest, "I'll join you there in about five minutes."

The editorial gentleman quietly wended his way alone to the parlor, wondering in his own mind why such unusual disturbance about the dinner should be made, in a house where everything was generally conducted in the most simple and unostentatious manner possible; but nevertheless, secretly felicitating himself upon the fact that the dinner he was to enjoy was far more inviting than it had been represented. Five, ten, fifteen minutes had elapsed, and his host did not present himself; he fumbled over the pictures and books on the table, playing awhile with the poodle dog, which was taking a nap on the sofa, half whistled a tune or two, hummed the fraction of a psalm, and was finally found gazing on a painting of Mary Magdalene, to discover new beauties, when his entertainer made his appearance, just exactly the happiest looking man the editor had ever stumbled upon.

"Excuse my detaining you," said he, "but you heard what Betty said in the door?"

"Oh, yes," replied the editor.

"A pair of 'em, by Jove!"

"So I understood her to say."

"And a finer pair I never saw, though I say it who should not; as plump, as fair and as bright as any I ever laid my eyes on: come join me in a drink."

Adjourning to the sideboard, they filled their glasses; the editor gave:

"Here's to them!"

"Good!" said the host, "here's to them!"

The editor was slightly astonished, for his friend's way of rejoicing over the ducks was quite singular—he tossed off his wine and commenced promenading

the room, rubbing his hands, chuckling, and occasionally giving vent to a guffaw. "A pair—who'd have thought it, and all doing so nicely too!" was his exclamation.

"How are you having them fixed?" inquired his visitor.

"Ah, I leave that to the women of course, I don't meddle with that business."

"But it's a pity, considering they are so very fine, that you haven't another friend to dine with you!"

"Pardon me, I forgot, I am compelled to ask you to go somewhere else for your dinner."

"To do what?"

"To dine somewhere else! You see all is in confusion, the servants are all as busy as bees, it was so unexpected—in fact, I didn't think it would come off for a week."

"Come off, what do you mean?"

"Why the affair up stairs."

"And what the devil is the affair up stairs?"

"Why I thought you heard what the girl said at the door?"

"So I did—she said you had a fine pair of ducks for dinner."

"Fine pair of what?"

"Of ducks!"

"Fine devils. She told me that while we had been absent my wife had presented me with a fine pair of twins, both boys."

The last we heard of the poor editor, he was partaking of soup—"solitary and alone"—at a restaurant in Chartres street.

A 450 MILES TRIP IN A BALLOON.
How far is it to Turin? How far to Grand Cairo?

Some uneasiness had been felt at Marseilles, says a Paris paper, respecting the fate of an intrepid aeronaut named Arban, who set out from that town in a balloon on Sunday evening, the 2d of September, at 6 o'clock. Letters from Turin have been received, announcing his arrival on the 3d, at 2 o'clock, a. m. (i. e. eight hours after his departure,) at the Abbey of Stupini, not far from the capital of Piedmont. We subjoin the itinerary of Mr. Arban:

"Having set out on Sunday evening, the 2d of September, from the Chateau des Fleurs, Marseilles, I passed over the wood of Esterel at 8 o'clock, and my experiments showed me that I was then at an elevation of 4000 metres. The temperature was already cold, but dry, and my centigrade thermometer marked four degrees below zero. The wind blew Southwest, and carried me towards Nice. For two hours I was enveloped in thick clouds above my head; my pelisse was no longer sufficient to protect me against the cold; and my feet suffered most grievously. I nevertheless resolved to continue my voyage, deciding to cross the Alps, from which I knew I was not far distant; my supply of gas being sufficient to raise my balloon above the highest peaks. The cold increased, the wind became steady, and the moon lightened my path like the meridian sun. I was at the foot of the Alps; the snow, the cascades, and the mountain torrents sparkled in the light; the abysses and rocks formed large black masses, which served as a shade to this gigantic picture. The wind rather baffled the regularity of my course; I was alternately obliged to descend and ascend, in order to surmount the incessant peaks. It was 11 o'clock at night when I attained the summit of the Alps; the horizon then became clear and my course regular. I then began to think of supper. I was 4600 metres high; and was obliged as a matter of necessity to continue my voyage towards Piedmont. I only saw a chaos before me, into which a descent was impossible. After having supped, I conceived the idea of throwing my empty brandy bottle into the midst of the snowy waste, in order that any subsequent traveller might discover some vestige of my ascent. At half-past 1 a. m. I found myself above Mount Viso, which I knew well, having explored it on a former occasion. The Po and the Durance thence derive their source. I recognized the position, and discovered its magnificent plains. Before this conviction had been obtained, a singular effect of mirage, produced by the reflection of the moon on the snow and the clouds, would have led me to imagine that I was on the open sea. The west wind, however, had not ceased to blow, and my exact observations showed me that I could not be much above the level of the sea. The stars came to my assistance, and I descried Mount Blanc, the position of which indicated that I was approaching Turin. Mount Blanc on my left, soared above all the clouds, and resembled an immense block of crystal, which scintillated with a thousand coruscations. At a quarter to 3 o'clock, Mt. Viso clearly showed me that I was near Turin; and I resolved to descend. I did so without difficulty. I descended in the vicinity of an immense farm; several watchdogs greeted me, and my pelisse alone preserved me from their rude caresses. Their barking awoke the peasants, who were more surprised than scared by my presence. They informed me that it was 2 o'clock in the morning, and that I was in the village of Pion Forte, near Stu-

pini, six kilometres from Turin. I passed the night in the farmhouse, and the next morning obtained a certificate from the Mayor, attesting my arrival. I reached Turin at 9 o'clock, a. m. and immediately wrote to my dear wife at Chateau des Fleurs. I then repaired to M. Bois le Comte, the French Ambassador, who delivered me a passport, and at 11 o'clock I attended mass in the Church of Madre-di-Dio, at the funeral service in honor of the death of Charles Albert. I afterwards saw a review; in the evening I went to the Theatre of Angennes; Ligier played the part of Louis XI. I could not help meditating on the fact, that on the preceding evening, at the selfsame hour, I was at the Chateau des Fleurs, at Marseilles, near 140 leagues distant!"

IN FOR IT—HOW TO GET OUT.

Once on a time there was a gentleman who won an elephant in a raffle.

It was a very fine elephant, and cheap at the price the gentleman paid for his chance.

But the gentleman had no place to put it in.

Nobody would take it off his hands.

He could not afford to feed it.

He was afraid of the law if he turned it loose into the streets.

He was too humane to let it starve.

He was afraid to shoot it.

In short, he was in a perplexity very natural to a gentleman with—moderate means, a small house, common feelings of humanity—and an elephant.

France has won her elephant at Rome. She has brought back the Pope.

She is at her wits' end what to do with him.

She can't abet the Pope and the Cardinals, because she interferred in the cause of Liberty.

She can't abet Republicans, because she interferred in the cause of the Pope and Cardinals.

She can't act wit Austria, because Austria is absolute.

She can't act against Austria, because France is conservative and peaceful.

She can't continue her army in Rome, because it is not treated with respect.

She can't withdraw her army from Rome, because that would be to stultify herself.

She can't go forward, because she insisted on the Roman people going backward.

She can't go backward, because the French people insist on her going forward.

She can't choose the wrong, because public opinion forces her to the right.

She can't choose the right, because her own dishonesty has forced her to the wrong.

In one word, she is on the horns of a dilemma, and the more she twists, the more sharply she feels the point on which she is impaled, like a cockshaver in a cabinet, for the inspection of the curious in the lighter and more whirling species of political etymology.

Poor France—will nobody take her precious bargain off her hands? Rome is her bottle imp. She bought it dear enough, but can't get rid of it at any price.

SHE DIDN'T SAY A WORD—A most humorous incident occurred the other day at the Court House during the examination of Cogzell, charged with an attempt to kidnap a free colored girl, Mary, at the residence of Mr. Sloane, in this county. A Miss Sloane was in the witness's stand.

Attorney for Defendant.—What do you know about the matter?

Witness.—I was in the sitting room when Mary came from the kitchen hurriedly, and Cogzell after her. He caught hold of her at the sitting room door and said, "Mary, you have been here long enough, come and go home now."

Attorney for defendant.—What did Mary say?

Attorney for the State.—Stop there; I object to the question.

Here a discussion of more than an hour took place, in which four lawyers participated; after which the justice held a long and very warm debate as to the propriety of permitting the witness to answer the question. At length one of the justices arose and stated that a majority of the Court were of opinion that the question should be answered. The Court House was crowded—the interest intense. Curiosity was wrought to the highest pitch, to know what the answer was which the lawyers and Court deemed so important.

Attorney for defendant.—Miss Sloane, the court says you may now answer the question. What did Mary reply when Cogzell took hold of her, and said you have been here long enough, come and go home?

Here the audience leaned forward, respiration was suspended.

Witness.—She didn't say a word!

Result—a shower of vest buttons.

A PRIZE NOBLY WON.—At the Bourbon, Ky., Agricultural Fair held on Thursday last, Mrs. Chapman Coleman, daughter of Gov. Crittenden, received the premium, a \$100 silver cup for the best silk quilt made with her own hands. It is a wholesome indication to see ladies contending for premiums in manufactures.

THE OCONEE STATION FOR SALE.

This place, situated in Pickens District, on the Oconee Creek, 12 miles North of Pickens C. H., and immediately on the road leading from the latter place to Clayton, Ga., contains 1000 Acres of fertile Land, which will be disposed of on terms the most advantageous to the purchaser.

As a grain and stock farm, the Oconee possesses many peculiar advantages; its fields producing abundant crops of Corn, Wheat, Rye, Oats, and Potatoes, while the hills for miles around are covered during 9 months of the year with coats of the richest grasses.

On the premises there are all the necessary buildings for a well regulated Farm, including a two-story Brick Dwelling.

The narrative of this Station forming as it does, an important chapter in the early history of our State, is well known to every Carolinian, and it is equally celebrated for the purity of its atmosphere, the exuberance of its soil, and for the beauty and romantic wildness of its Scenery.

Persons wishing further particulars will please communicate with

J. A. DOYLE.

Pickens C. H., S. C.

The South Carolinian, Pendleton Messenger, and Laurensville Herald will please give the above three insertions and forward their accounts to this office.

NEW GOODS.

Just received from New York a splendid assortment of **Raney and Plain Cloths, Satinets, Tweeds, Cloth Caps, "Gold Hunter Hats,"** of all colors, **Over-Coats, Fine and Coarse Boots, &c.**

ALSO,

A large lot of Fall and Winter Goods for Ladies' wear.

Call immediately and examine for yourselves, at the store of

BENSON & TAYLOR.

Pickens C. H., Sept. 29, 1849. 211f

AT PUBLIC SALE,

At Pickens Court House.

BY ORDER OF THE COURT OF EQUITY.

On the first Tuesday after the fifth Monday in October next, several tracts of valuable Land, appertaining to the Estate of the late J. E. Colhoun, lying on the Twelve Mile and Keowee Rivers, in the neighborhood of Pendleton Village, to wit:

Tract No. 2, containing 524 acres, on the Western side of Twelve Mile River, on the road leading from Pendleton Village to Pickens Court House, adjoining the lands of J. and E. Laurence, F. N. Garvin and others.

Tract No. 4, 432 acres, on the Eastern side of Twelve Mile River, (called the Saw Mill tract,) adjoining lands of John T. Sloan.

Tract No. 5, 134 acres, adjoining the same, Z. Powers and others, and also on the public road.

Tract No. 6, 548 acres, the central tract.

Tract No. 7, 426 acres, adjoining lands of J. W. Crawford, J. C. Calhoun and others.

Tract No. 8, 291 acres, within 2 1-2 miles of Pendleton Village, adjoining lands of Mrs. J. P. Lewis, S. Maverick and others.

Tract No. 9, (Waugh Branch tract) 220 acres, lying on the Eastern side of Twelve Mile, containing some of the most valuable low grounds, both on the River and Waugh Branch, to be found in the upper country.

The above Lands are well known to be valuable and advantageously situated, and particularly adapted to the culture of cotton.

Terms of sale will be a credit of One, Two, and Three years, to be secured by bonds and mortgages on the places, with interest from date.

In the mean time applications for private sale will be received by the Administratrix and Guardian.

M. M. COLHOUN.

Sept. 22, 1849. 10-5w

Henry Harrison Hamilton

Formerly of Pickens District, South Carolina, will find it to his interest, if living, to make himself known to his friends; and should he have died, any information respecting him will be thankfully received. Communications directed to this office.

The New Orleans Picayune, Houston Star, and Republican, Marshall, will each give three weekly insertions and forward their accounts to this Office.

Oct. 13, 1849. 22-1m

DR. A. M. COX,

Of the Firm of Folger & Cox, has removed to Pickensville, S. C., and may be found, except when professionally engaged, at the residence of M. F. Mitchell, Esq.

Sept. 5, 1849. 18-3f

LAND FOR SALE.

The subscriber having more Lands than he can cultivate, offers for sale a valuable Plantation, situated in Pickens District, on Fuller's Creek, waters of Conneross, containing 399 acres; about 150 of which is cleared and mostly fresh,—there is a large quantity of bottom land ditched and drained. The Plantation is good tillable and productive ground, as any in the up-country, under good fence and in a high state of cultivation. On the premises is a good Dwelling House, Kitchen, Negro House, Cotton Gin and Thrashing Machine, and all necessary out buildings.

He will also sell 272 acres of Woodland lying near the above tract, situated near one road leading from Pickens C. H. to Carnsville, Ga., by way of Bachelor's Retreat, the other road leading from Andersonville to Clarksville, Ga., both roads running through the tract. On said tract is a small improvement; the balance well timbered land—the greater portion of it good farming land.

Persons desiring to purchase would do well to call and judge for themselves.

Terms made to suit purchasers. Apply to

THOMAS W. HARBIN.

August 25, 1849. 14-4f

Notice.

Application will be made at the next Session of the Legislature, for a Charter for a Turn-pike Road from Pickens C. H. through Joossee Valley to the White Water Falls.

September 1, 1849.

NOTICE.

I, Nancy Cantrell, wife of John Cantrell, a farmer residing in Pickens District, So. Co., do hereby give notice of my intention to trade as a Sole-Trader, and to exercise all the privileges of a Free-Dealer after the expiration of one month from this notice.

Occupation, Weaver and Seamstress, August 25, 1849. 15-1m

JUST RECEIVED!

A Fresh Lot of Gent's Boots and Shoes, Boys do., Ladies and Misses Slippers and Ties; Gent's and Ladies' Saddles, Bridles, Whips, &c., &c.

From Castings and Nails, cheap for cash, Together with a full supply of Dr. D. Jaynes' Family Medicines; Dr. Rogers' Compound Syrup of Liverwort and Tar; Jew David's Hebrew Plaster or Pain Killer, &c., &c.,

As an inducement to the buyer the subscriber will take in exchange for Goods, Beeswax, Tallow, Raw Hides, &c.

S. R. McFALL.

Pickens C. H., July 14, 1849. 9

CHEAP GOODS.

Cheap as the Cheapest!

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he is receiving at short intervals a

HANDSOME SELECTION OF

Dry Goods.

GROCERIES,

Hardware & Cutlery,

CROCKERY AND GLASS WARE,

Drugs and Medicines,

&c. &c. &c.

All selected expressly for this market and will be sold positively as cheap as the cheapest for cash.

S. R. McFALL.

Pickens C. H., S. C. }

May 18, 1849. 1 tf

JAMES GEORGE,

Merchant Tailor,

Would respectfully inform his friends, and the public generally, that he has on hand a FINE VARIETY of

SBROAD CLOTHS, CASIMERES,

ATINETS, TWEEDS, KENTUCKY JEANS, &c

ALSO

AN ASSORTMENT OF READY-MADE

CLOTHING

which he will sell cheap for Cash.

The public are invited to call and examine his Stock, before purchasing elsewhere.

Pickens C. H. May 25, 1849.

Administrator's Sale.

Will be sold at the late residence of J. P. Archer, deceased, near Pickensville, on Tuesday 15th November next, all the personal property of said deceased; consisting of Four Negroes, Cattle, Hogs, Corn and Fodder, Oats, Wheat, Cart and Oxen, Carriage and Harness, Household Furniture and Kitchen Utensils; and other articles too tedious to mention; on a credit of twelve months for all sums of and over three dollars, with interest from date, with note and approved security—under three dollars, cash.

B. F. MAULDIN, Adm'r.

Sept. 14, 1849

All persons having demands against the Estate are requested to hand them in, legally proven; all indebted are requested to make immediate payment.

B. F. M.

18-2m